

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

DESIGNED  
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF  
THE YOUNG.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH, EDITOR



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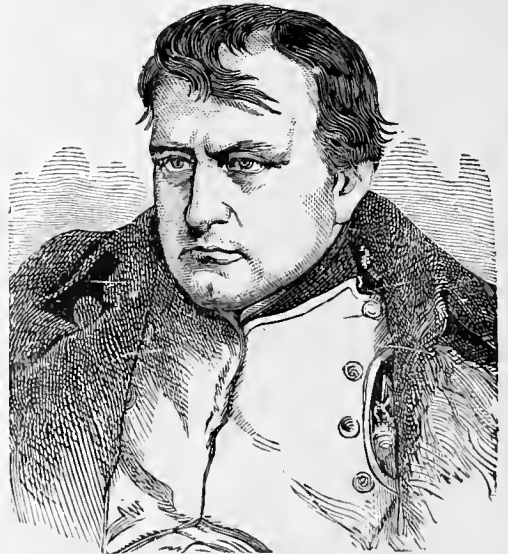
No. 9.

### NEW ORLEANS.

**N**OW that the Exposition at St. Louis is to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the purchase of Louisiana, the city of New Orleans has added to it a new historical interest. The St. Louis Fair will undoubtedly surpass any similar exposition the world has ever witnessed. The "Fair" at Chicago in 1893 did not cover over half the area, and the educational value of the Exposition will be small indeed when compared with what will be offered at St. Louis.

In those days, when we purchased Louisiana from Napoleon, New Orleans was about all there was of our purchase. It is true that the territory was of immense proportions, but it was uninhabited and its value was largely one of speculation that lay in the dim distance of the future. Then little or nothing was known of the great expanse, and the popular fancy hedged about the ancient Spanish-French city of New Orleans. It had some importance in the popular fancy, and yet its swampy marsh-land did not give to it that enchanting vision with which the Spanish mind lingered upon the mountainous regions of the west, where gold and silver were the gods of Spanish ambition. It is curious that

those places which the Spanish esteemed most highly have proved to be the least valuable possessions, and the gold producing regions of the New World have been comparatively barren and worthless. However, there is more value in man than



NAPOLEON.

in land and the United States is today what it is by reason of the fact that the Anglo-Saxon race inhabited it than by reason of its natural resources.

New Orleans was founded in 1718 by

Bienville on the east bank of the Mississippi river. It has grown to a total area of one hundred and five square miles with a front of over twelve miles on the east bank of the river. Owing to the crescent shaped curve of the river on the east bank, New Orleans has been popularly styled the "Crescent City." If you look at the geography, you quite easily get the impression that it is very near the Gulf

there is a population of 350,000, especially in winter when a large number come from the north to enjoy the evergreens and beautiful lawns when all is frigid in the north. In the residence districts, the houses are quite generally built of lumber and are preferred to brick as they are drier and less subject to the damp influences of the weather.

What seems peculiar to the stranger is



CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS.

of Mexico where the Mississippi empties into it. With no particular reason for the impression, I had always imagined that the distance from the city to the mouth of the river could not be more than twenty-five miles; from the steamboat landing, however, the distance is actually one hundred and ten miles.

The census of New Orleans in 1900 was 287,104, of which 209,381 were whites; 77,723 colored. If the suburbs be included

the fact that the city is several feet below the surface of the river; and one has the novel sight of surface water running from the "Father of Waters." Owing to the marshy soil, it is quite impossible to use underground sewerage; the waste matter is at present carried off by surface drainage. This drainage is carried to canals from which it is pumped into other canals having sufficient fall to carry off the discharge from the city into Lake Pontchar-

train. The system is not only expensive, requiring several millions to build and maintain it, but sometimes winds from the gulf back the water in the lake and hinder the flow of the discharge canals.

New Orleans is a sort of a duel city, in that two distinct nationalities are represented, and they differ in their location as well as in their customs and language. Through the heart of the city runs a broad street called Canal Street, a name derived from the fact that in early days a canal ran down the location of the present site. This street is one of the finest promenades to be found in the south, but its beauty is somewhat marred

by the four lines of street railway tracks that are laid on it. The street separates the old and the new city. In earlier days New Orleans was confined to the east of Canal Street, but now the street is in the heart of the city; and on one side the Creole population lives, while on the other the Americans abound. Racial differences are quite marked and the prejudices of the last century have not entirely died away. The Creoles adhere to their old customs and continue to a great extent to speak the French language. Canal Street is, moreover, the scene of the great carnivals that have made the city famous the world over.



## WORK IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

**T**HE teacher who wishes to employ the best methods for presenting her lessons will first supply herself with an abundance of subject matter.

As the good housewife provides food enough for emergencies, knowing that visitors come without invitation and when least expected, so the provider of intellectual or of spiritual food will have in store more than the daily rations to be meted out.

The stories learned in childhood may come like flashes of light, vividly to our memories, but they were learned from the child's point of view, and about them clings the fanciful notions of childhood. Many errors have crept in, we know not how nor when. And though these same stories may have been read many times since childhood days, they should be studied anew, and, if possible, from a broader, truer point of view than ever before. Any teacher worthy of the name

will draw her facts from a living well—never from a stagnant pool. It is not enough to read Bible stories from story books. The Bible text should be read carefully, and commentaries occasionally be used to assist that text, not to supplant it.

The lesson that is definite enough in the teacher's mind so as to be given out orally, is definite enough to be placed upon paper. At least the facts of the lesson can be, and should be written out, not to be read, but to help the teacher in getting what she wishes to give in a clear and orderly arrangement.

She should never attempt to memorize the written or printed story, but should have all facts and incidents too clearly fixed to be forgotten during recitation.

The quaint, little personalities, devices and expressions used by the teacher to touch the sympathies and arouse the interest of the child can no more be put upon paper than can her smile and the

light from her eyes; but the device has to do with the manner and not with the method of the lesson.

Every well planned lesson consists of three parts—preparation, presentation, and summary or review.

In planning this lesson the teacher should decide firstly, what formative aims she will keep in view. That is, what she will cause the child to feel; what she will do for the development of the child's mind; or what truths she will instill into it, e. g.: God's loving watch care; faith in the power of prayer; faith in baptism; faith in obedience to God, or in obedience to parents. One or two such principles should be selected (those best suited to the subject outlined), and these should be strong and clear in the teacher's mind. She should say mentally, "I shall try through this lesson to make every child feel this beautiful truth." She may not put her lesson gem, or her truth idea into words before the children, but she should put it into their feelings, and there impress it so strongly that the child will instinctively recall and use it in the hour of his need.

The teacher should decide, secondly, just what points of information she should give, that is, what she will cause the child to know; what facts of history, or of geography, or of social life, or of individual character should be given in the story. It will be necessary, however, to give some facts before the story is presented.

With the aims decided upon, the teacher is ready to write out her lesson. Usually there will be in the story some facts and some words difficult for the child to grasp. The teacher should decide what explanations will be necessary, and before beginning a new story, should put the class into a right mental attitude for it; or, in other words, she should make a "preparation" for her story or for her "presentation" of new truths.

The success of the presentation depends largely upon the thoroughness of the preparation. This preparation consists often of a review of other lessons, and quite as often it is necessary to explain terms, facts, or hard words that will occur in the lesson. Such preparation will save the necessity of breaking into the story, thus spoiling the unity and beauty of it. In making preparation, a tactful teacher will draw all she can from the child by questions and will explain only those points the child has not yet learned for himself.

The presentation or the story itself should be given in a simple, quiet, earnest tone of voice, and if it be a short, simple story, should be told from the beginning to end without interruption. If a long story, it should be divided into paragraphs, or what the professional pedagogue calls "method wholes," and each method whole should be treated as a complete lesson, that is, each should have a preparation before the presentation.

The child should be encouraged to tell the story after the teacher, and some good device should be used to hold the interest of the class while different members recite or tell the story. Unless the attention of the class can be held and a pride taken in listening to each other's recitation of the story, it will be better to get it back from the class in the form of review questions. The question method is, perhaps, the very easiest for unskilled teachers.

Frequently the lesson gem, or general truth, is intensified by having a number of similar stories or incidents, or experiences related by the children. It will add much to the interest if a lively, interested assistant teacher will tell a story bringing out the same truth.

The teacher, if in close spiritual sympathy with the class, will know if the



general truth, or lesson gem, has been gained by her pupil; and frequently it is better not to attempt to formulate it into words. Feeling is often stronger than words can possibly be.

A story to reach the child's heart should come from the teacher's heart.

An earnest, sympathetic interest on the teacher's part will usually insure earnestness and sympathy from the child. The horrors of a story should be subdued, never emphasized and made to be a terror or a revulsion to the child's mind. The bad, by contrast, may be made to explain and intensify the good, if used discreetly; and when evil is turned to naught and good is made to prevail, the child's sense of justice and of a supreme, powerful love is satisfied.

Frequently a summary of the good our story teaches or makes us feel, may be drawn from the class by questions and suggestions. Such a summary is far better than one given by the teacher.

Each story should have a definite and an interesting name, and frequently a series of stories may be recalled by their names, and the children can tell which of these they like best.

One good device for review is a little meeting for which the children act as a committee and make the program, assigning the stories previously learned, to different persons. Memory gems may also be assigned. One child may be appointed

to read the program, and the exercise then takes the form of an entertainment, or of a big folks' meeting, and if conducted with proper dignity, will give to both listeners and actors unbounded pleasure.

The lesson or exercise for testimony day has given anxiety to many teachers and yet to some it is the happiest time of all. The child can best bear testimony by telling the blessings he has to be thankful for. Each child can tell of something.

While little children are often given testimonies of truths that seem beyond their years, they should not be in any way encouraged to boast of such blessing, and still less should they form a habit of repeating, parrot like, what they have heard older people say. There are many things, however, that children do know, e.g., that the Lord is good; that He loves a dutiful child; that He hears and answers prayer; that He gives power to the Elders. They know that good deeds make happy hearts, and that bad deeds make sad hearts. They know and can tell many ways in which they can prove their love for the Lord.

Children should be taught to give respect and attention to every exercise. If they become restless during a lesson, it will be better to stop for a rest exercise a song, concert recitation, or march, than to continue in confusion.

*Aretta Young.*



## THE IDEAL SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

**W**HEN this subject was assigned me, my first thought was: "Your duty, Brother Superintendent, is to see that you have a model Sunday School each Sunday morning. But, says my Superintendent, I know that, but

knowing that fact does not mean that I have such a school. Now please go a little more into detail and describe your model Superintendent. Perhaps you may name a qualification in him that is not developed in me; and, while you are des-

cribing your Superintendent, I concede that the same qualifications should be found in his First and Second Assistants."

Before I proceed further, let me inquire of you if you realize that you have charge of the largest auxiliary organization in the Ward and that next to the Bishopric your labors are the most important, if there is to be made such a distinction between the officers of the various organizations, and that your influence is felt in every home? Do you realize that under your care are the choicest spirits that have been privileged to come to this earth and that you are training up the future teachers and officers of the Sunday School; that you have Bishops of Wards, Presidents and officers of Stake organizations, Apostles and Presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ who will rise up and bless you if you do your duty in your calling? Do you realize that in addition to those who will be leaders in the Church and Kingdom of God you are assisting in moulding the characters of men who will direct in the affairs of the governments of town, city, county, state and nation and who will be the chief magistrates thereof? Do you realize that each member of your school is a part of a large family who has been sent here by God to work out an exaltation in His Kingdom? I hope you do.

What has prompted you to accept your office? Is it a desire to be elevated above others so that you can be in a position to dictate? Or do you desire the plaudits of men whose children are under you? Did you expect that by accepting the office of Superintendent it would help you in your business or that you would be financially benefited? Was your motive a selfish one? If so, you are being paid as you go along and there is nothing due you hereafter.

My ideal Superintendent has accepted

the position as a mission given him and has the desire to uplift and benefit those who are working with him, knowing, that by so doing, he is serving God. He realizes that he is not a hired man but is working for himself as a member of the family and that when the dividend is declared he will share in the profits. He knows that it is to his interest to bring all the members of the family up to his standard of perfection, for, as each member is elevated and comes nearer to perfection, a larger dividend will be declared. He is not content in seeing those around him willing to be hired men, but is impressing upon them the benefits derived from being members of the firm, and his one desire is to make out of every individual a Latter-day Saint.

He teaches by example as well as by precept; he has given his whole allegiance to the Church of Christ and is not a member of any secret organization; he is in complete harmony with his Bishop and with those who are presiding over him in the Priesthood and is willing to, and does, accept the instructions that are given him by his superior officers.

His personal appearance is neat and clean and orderly; his breath is untainted with foul odors. In short, he is an observer of the "Word of Wisdom."

He is an honest man and pays his debts to his fellow man and to his God, and is not content until he has paid an honest tithing. He remembers the Sabbath day and keeps it holy. He commands the respect of all by reason of his knowledge of the Gospel, his integrity, his devotion to his work, his promptness, unselfishness and his many other virtues.

It is the duty of a Superintendent to hold a meeting at least once per week with his Assistants, at which business is transacted for the good of the school, and thus avoid confusion during the school session and obviate the necessity of the



too frequent, pernicious habit of whispered consultation after school has been called. At this meeting it should be decided which of the Superintendency is to take charge the following Sunday. Let me remark here that a Superintendent who does not consult his assistants and who does not permit them to take charge of the school is not worthy of having Assistants and his position should be filled by one who has good judgment enough to know that his Assistants were given him for a purpose and not merely for the name. In allowing his Assistants to take charge, it does not indicate that he has surrendered the right to preside over the school, which right should never be surrendered.

At this meeting, it would be well to appoint the doorkeeper and those who are to assist in passing the sacrament, discuss the needs of the school and the reports of the teachers and be sure, when any new idea or method is to be presented for ratification by the teachers at the monthly teachers' meeting, that the Superintendency is united.

A Superintendent should be at the school room not later than 9:30 o'clock, so that if the room is not in the proper condition as to cleanliness, temperature and ventilation there will be time to remedy the same before the hour arrives for opening school. He should be punctual in calling the 9:45 meeting, in seeing that the roll call is had on the stroke of 10, if only he, the Secretary and the Chorister are present. Persistency in being punctual will soon cure the disease, tardiness, so often found in the school. Punctuality includes closing the school on time, and, unless something unusual occurs, the school should be dismissed promptly at noon and not before, the exception being made in the Primary department which may be dismissed at 11:30 if the Superintendency think the

circumstances justify it. He should have the time so arranged that no exercise of the program is slighted. He should avoid using the bell, stamping the foot, rapping the pulpit or calling in a loud voice with the hope of getting order. A noisy Superintendent will invariably have a noisy school. It is not necessary that he make announcements, as, "We will next have the concert recitation" or "ten minutes singing" or "the silent drill." The appearance of the person who is to lead in the various exercises is announcement enough. The school should know what is next on the program.

He should be a man of judgment, one who can act quickly, who knows how to encourage and assist a teacher who is disheartened. I advocate that he should be as well prepared on the work of the teacher in at least the lessons of one grade as the teacher and should say to his Assistants: "This year I will prepare the theological lessons while you take the First and Second Intermediate lessons." If this is done, he will not be obliged to say, in answer to the question of a visitor, "What was the aim of that teacher in presenting the lesson?" "I don't know unless it was to consume thirty minutes time."

He should have no favorites but should be affable, kind, polite and courteous to teachers and pupils alike, not forgetting that the visitor should receive his especial attention. Make all feel that they are at home while in the school, which should be the most popular place in the Ward. All children of Latter-day Saint parents, and as many of those who are not Latter-day Saints who will permit it, should be enrolled upon the records of and in attendance at the Sunday School, and to this end and for this purpose committees should be appointed. Do not forget the sick or wayward pupil but visit him, the one to comfort, the other to encourage and gain his friendship.

It is your duty to encourage and not discourage, and I think there is nothing better than for the Superintendent to invite, annually, his teachers to his home to spend the evening in social enjoyment and then advocate that the teachers treat their pupils to a like pleasure.

It has not been my intention, in thus treating the subject, to hold up to ridicule a Superintendent who does not fill the bill as herein indicated and I trust

that no one will so construe it. Our calling is an important one. We have charge of the nursery of the Church, and, as "first impressions are lasting," how important it is that we see to it that only correct doctrines are taught; and, while we are not perfect, if we are doing the best we can and realize that "Intelligence is the Glory of God" and are striving for that glory, having our aim high, we shall be sure to succeed.

*Justin D. Call.*



### PRESERVATION OF THE UNITIES IN SACRAMENTAL MUSIC.



IN submitting this brief article, I desire to say a word on the occasion for sacramental music; viz: The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Its very nature embodies holiness, and those partaking of the sacred emblems should do so with feelings of love and thanksgiving; hence the moments devoted to the theme of the Lord's Supper should be the most solemn and serene that come to the children of the Sabbath Schools. Perfect quietness is emblematic of reverence and suggests the sacredness of the event which the sacrament commemorates; yet the slow movements of melodious strains of music do not detract the mind from, but tend to direct it towards the feelings of reverence and holiness.

In order to bring about the best results, it is necessary for those in charge of our singing to come fully prepared; especially so with the sacramental songs and music. What is more apt to cause annoyance than discord in music? And at this particular time of our Sabbath School worship, nothing should come to mar the peaceful influence that should permeate

every soul within the walls of the house of worship.

I know of no better means to be applied in order to prepare the minds of children, and older ones as well, for the sacrament, than proper music and song; consequently it rests with the chorister to begin this work with appropriate selections to be rendered as soon as the preliminaries are over, viz: the opening song, prayer, reading of minutes and roll call, etc. The announcement of the hymn should be made in a clear and distinct tone, giving number of page and the occasional reading of the first verse; then by striking the chords of the sacred music you will awaken an interest in the song.

Nothing can so completely grasp one's mind and carry it in the desired channel as music. Music is the index of the emotions. Every feeling of the human heart can be expressed by it. In order to awaken the emotions and direct the mind aright, the song must be of such a nature, and rendered in such a style as to receive a responsive chord from every member in the school; if this is accomplished you will soon have the minds of the children in

proper condition to partake of the sacred emblems.

Choristers, consider well your selections. Our song books are quite replete with appropriate pieces, but do not think them all sacramental songs. For instance: "The Cause of Truth" would be inappropriate because of the motion of the song, as well as the sentiment, but "God is Love," while not a sacramental selection, is of such a character that it would be quite appropriate. "Wanted on the Other Side" would not do, neither would any other funeral song, because the minds of some would be disturbed and being overcome by their emotions, their thoughts, instead of being of a beautiful, serene nature, would be changed to sadness. Hence I suggest that you consider well your selections.

Much depends on the manner in which the song is rendered. Do not think because of its sacredness that we must drag it through, paying little or no attention to time. Too often it is the case that members of the school in singing the more sacred songs, realizing perhaps that they ought not to rush through them at light-

ning speed, pay little or no attention to the conductor. Let me suggest right here that the members of the school be taught to pay attention to the director by frequently taking their eyes from the book. By so doing they will get the movement of the piece and you will be able to keep the singers in better time.

The plan of rendering a selection on the organ, while the sacrament is being passed, is an excellent one. Here I would urge the necessity of perfect preparation because the least touch of discord breaks the tranquil flow of emotions; the thoughts become disturbed and perhaps the mind is diverted in another direction, thus marring the peaceful influence that should prevail. Music is not to wholly absorb the minds of the children during these moments, but only to draw out the finer feelings and to help awaken the deeper emotions of the soul, thus causing the mind to dwell upon this most solemn ordinance.

Proper strains of music dispel dull care, awaken the soul to higher aspirations and calm the mind to receive a divine blessing.

*Joseph Jensen.*



## THE REASON.

Grandma Gruff said a curious thing,  
"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."  
That's the very thing I heard her say  
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle." Of course they may  
If they pucker their lips the proper way;  
But for the life of me I can't see  
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing;"  
Now I call that a curious thing.  
If boys can whistle, why can't girls, too?  
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

So if boys can whistle and do it well,  
Why cannot girls—will somebody tell?  
Why can't they do what a boy can do?  
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why  
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I,  
And he said, "The reason that girls must sing  
Is because a girl's a sing-ular thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd ache  
And when I thought it all a mistake,  
"Never mind, little man," I heard her say,  
They will make you whistle enough some day.

*New Orleans Picayune.*

## SOME OF OUR COMEDIANS.



AMONG the comedians who helped to lighten the burdens of life during the first twenty-five years of the Latter-day Saints' settlement in Utah, were some who have long since passed away to the great beyond; others years ago retired from the stage, and still others who once in a long while still appear upon the boards. Most of them are almost unknown to the pres-

And here let us remark in passing that among these "old timers" were men and women who would have done credit to any stage. Scores of actors and actresses in later years have come here, heralded as "stars," who could not "hold a candle" to them as far as life-like, natural, artistic impersonations are concerned. Perhaps we were easily pleased in those days, but if we were we were also critical, and we



JOHN M. KAY.



WILLIAM C. DUNBAR.

ent generation of play-goers, but in their time they were a power for good in making life pleasant and endurable for the struggling pioneers. Today we present the faces of a few of these, as they appeared many years ago, not that they were any more prominently before the public than others, but because it so happens that we possess their portraits. We hope to obtain more of these reminders and in due time present them to our readers.

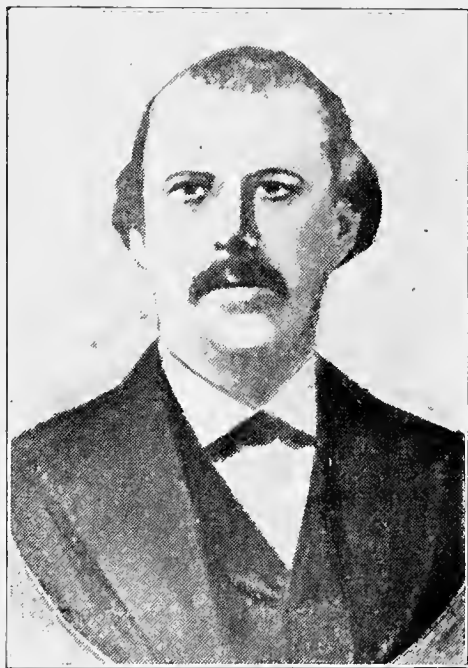
today think that in their own peculiar lines Dunbar, McKenzie, Caine, not to give a whole catalogue, were hard to beat, even in the best metropolitan companies. We were proud of our "stock company" in those days, and the older folks have not forgotten their efforts.

Among the very earliest of our local "stars," was Elder John M. Kay, who was much else besides an actor. In his time he filled many honorable parts and was a

prominent personage in Utah's earliest days. Indeed he was a well known figure in Nauvoo, and is probably today best remembered for the beauty and strength of his voice, by the few who remain who knew him in those perilous times. In later years he was conspicuous as a missionary in Europe, but as a member of the old Deseret Dramatic Association his associates think of him most frequently

enough to see him in all his personations, so cannot judge; but this we know, that in that one character he was supreme.

Again, how about "Joe" Simmons, as he was known to the great body of the audience, but more correctly Elder Joseph M. Simmons. Who does not associate him with the "Spectre Bridegroom," and cold huckleberry pudding? as well as with



JOSEPH M. SIMMONS.



CHARLES R. SAVAGE.

as the Robert Macaire of fifty years ago, as he first appeared in that character in the Old Bowery as far back as 1851. Nor must we forget his Pizarro, of 1853.

Then there is the inimitable Dunbar — Elder William C. Dunbar, who still lingers in this mortal sphere, missionary in his time also, and filling other positions of responsibility and trust. Who that ever saw his Melter Moss in the "Ticket of Leave Man" will forget it? Possibly it was not his best creation; there were others just as good, but we were not fortunate

many other well sustained characters in light comedy; not forgetting indeed his Alonzo, in the play of Pizarro, in which he first appeared at the Social Hall in January, 1853. Brother Simmons left us "to join the great majority" Feb. 14, 1872. For some years he was assistant revenue collector for Utah.

Nor must we forget that "the irrepressible Savage," who occasionally still favors the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR with his contributions, took a lively interest in things dramatic, possibly as great as he now

does in the Old Folks' gatherings and entertainments. In our mind's eye we can,



JOHN C. GRAHAM.

as we write, see him as Wool in the "Octoroon," and hear the applause of the audience as he was put up for auction.

Then intermingled with these ever re-

curing recollections appears the oft seen and well remembered John C. Graham, sometimes as Bermudas, sometimes as Dundreary, then again as Hawkshaw or Salem Scudder and fifty other well known personations, from which it is difficult to make choice. But he, like Caine, Clawson, Dunbar, Margetts, Bowring, Ottinger, Savage and a host of others, is still with us, and in looking at them it is hard to believe that most of them were before the footlights making men merry more than fifty years ago.

As the memories of men faded, many differences of opinion have arisen as to when the first dramatic performance in Utah took place. The earliest claimed is that given in Kenner's "Utah As It Is." This writer states that "in the fall and winter of 1849 and 1850 (the date cannot be given accurately) a company of amateurs, in which Mr. H. P. Richards, of Salt Lake City, figured conspicuously, was organized; there were in the company, Ensign Rich, Edgar Blodgett, Robert Campbell, William Hyde, and others." The first piece presented was entitled the "Triumph of Innocence," its place of presentation the Old Bowery on the Temple Block, Salt Lake City.

T. Z.



### CURRENT TOPICS.

#### THE DRUG HABIT—DODGING THE WORD OF WISDOM.

**I**N this age of pleasure and idleness, vices of the most harmful kind are endangering the welfare and happiness of both the home and society. If the men will have their vices and set the pace, women will follow. That has been true from the earliest history of national vices and their spread to ruinous

dimensions follows ancient examples. Women who have no home responsibilities and are not compelled by necessity to contribute to the helpfulness of home life become the worst sort of pleasure seekers and consequently the easy victims of some vice.

Just now the doctors of this country are sounding an alarm against the spread of what they style the "drug habit," that



is, the excessive and habitual use of morphine and cocaine. These drugs are not simply confined to those in the so called upper walks of life, but are finding great favor among all classes. In some states conditions have grown so threatening to the welfare of society and home by the use of these drugs that laws have been passed respecting their sale. Georgia, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Texas have passed laws to stop the unauthorized sale of these narcotic drugs. In other states bills having a similar object in view are pending. It will be noticed from the list of the above states that these vices are not confined to any section.

The multiplication of drug stores in a community is not a good omen. Such stores too often tell the story of secret vices that are going on to the great injury of the home and society. Mothers and daughters are often discovered to be the victims of the morphine or cocaine habit when it is too late to effect a cure or bring about a reformation. These vices are all the more dreaded because they insinuate themselves secretly into the home and sometimes linger there for years undiscovered. If women are idle, and idleness is the natural outgrowth of this luxurious age, they will hunt up some sort

of vice to have a pastime to drive away the blues. "God be thanked for work!"

This is a strenuous age. Even among Latter-day Saints, men and women overtax themselves. They wear themselves out before their time. To keep up with their fellows they daily feel the need of stimulants. Tea and coffee being forbidden as beverages by the Word of Wisdom, they fly to other things to supply the temporary stimulus their jaded natures crave. These drinks, however, are often worse than tea, coffee, beer, and other hot and strong drinks spoken against in the revelation. Some take to drinking patent medicines, trying to delude themselves with the idea that they are sick and really need them. These decoctions, as a rule, contain a large per cent of alcohol; for instance: Jamaica ginger, 40 per cent; Peruna, 27 per cent. When we remember that proof spirit only contains 50 per cent alcohol, the strongest Port wine, 45 per cent; Sherry, about 30 per cent; Claret, from 18 to 20 per cent, and the strongest pale ale 10 per cent, then we have some conception of what we are drinking when we take these nostrums into our stomachs.



## CUSTOMS AND DRESS OF THE ANCIENT KINGS.

**W**E read in the scriptures of the royal apparel, the crown, the throne and the sceptre. The royal apparel is mentioned in Matthew 6:29 as being splendid, and the retinue of the sovereigns was magnificent (1 Kings 4:1-24). The dress of the Jewish monarchs differed from that of other persons, for we read that Ahab changed his dress before going to battle, and that Jehosaphat re-

tained his (1 Kings 22:30). We conclude from Esther 8:15 that their garments were made of purple and fine white linen.

At a later time the rich and influential dressed in purple and fine linen (Luke 16:19), and very likely this was the reason why Pilate's soldiers clothed the Savior with purple (Mark 15:17) and why he was arrayed in a gorgeous robe (Luke 23:11),

thereby deriding him as in the dress of a king.

The crowns and diadems were ornamented with gold, silver and precious stones (II Samuel 12:30, Zech. 6:11); and costly bracelets were used to decorate the monarch's arms (II Samuel 1:10). A description of the throne of Solomon is given (I Kings 10:18-20): it was made of ivory and overlaid with the best gold. The throne had six steps, the top being round behind; and there were stays on either side on the place of the seat, and two lions stood beside the stays, and twelve lions stood there on the one side and on the other upon the six steps: there was not the like made in any kingdom. And all King Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold, and all the vessels of the house of the forests of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver.

The royal sceptre of Saul appears to have been a javelin or spear (I Sam. 18:10, 22:6). Sometimes a limb cut from the branch of a tree and studded with gold served as a sceptre, to such a one the prophet, Ezekiel indirectly alludes (19:11).

During time of war watchmen were stationed on towers to prevent the king from being surprised by the enemy. We read in II Samuel 18:24-27 that watchmen brought to King David the word concerning Absalom's defeat, and King Jehoram had a watchman on the tower of Jezreel who announced to the king the approach of the company of Jehu (II Kings 9:17-20).

The tables of the ancient monarchs were royally spread and numerous people were fed from the luxurious kitchens (I Kings 4:22, 23, 28). The vessels on the tables of Solomon were mostly of massive gold (I Kings 10:21) and were furnished from his twelve provinces.

These kings lived in great palaces, surrounded with everything that they could desire, and but few were admitted into

their presence. Very likely we may think of this custom when we read that the angel Gabriel said that he stood in the presence of God, meaning that he stood in high favor with Jehovah (Luke 1:19). To stand in the presence of one of the kings was one of the greatest privileges allowed in the princely court.

May we not draw a beautiful illustration from the scriptures which speak of the disciples contending among themselves as to who should be the greatest, and Jesus took a child and placed before them and declared that unless their minds were purified from worldly honors they should not enter into the kingdom of heaven. But, continued he, whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven, and added, Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven (Matt. 18:1-10): May this statement not lead us to think of the custom observed in the ancient princely courts, where those highest in office and princely favor were most frequently admitted to the king's presence (Esther 1:14; I Kings 10:8; 12:6; II Kings 25:19).

At another time when the Savior promised the Apostles that they should sit on twelve thrones to judge the twelve tribes of Israel, the mother of James and John came to Jesus with her sons, and asked that they might sit, the one on His right hand and the other on His left hand, in His kingdom (Matt. 20:20-23). This may have reference to the courts of the princes, where two of the most eminent and dignified personages were seated, one on each side and next to the king, thus enjoying a state of high favor and dignity (compare I Kings 11:19, Psalm 45:9, and Heb. 1:3). Jesus also informed Salome that the most distinguished seats in his kingdom were

not to be had by favor, but were to be given to those only whom God should think prepared for them.

The monarchs were always approached with the greatest reverence, and presented with presents. We read that Jacob bade his sons carry a present to Joseph, when they went to purchase food from him as governor of Egypt. (Gen. 43:11-26). So also the wise men who came from the East to worship the child Christ. They brought him presents of gold, frankincense and myrrh (Matt. 2: 11; see also Gen. 32:13, I Kings 10:2, 10, 25; II Kings 5:5; I Sam. 9:7; and II Kings 8:8).

Reverence was made by bowing to the earth. David stooped with his face to the earth and bowed himself before Saul (I Sam. 24:8). The widow of Tekoah, on prostrating herself before David said, "My Lord is wise according to the wisdom of an angel of God" (II Sam. 14:20); and the magi addressed Nebuchadnezzar thus, "O king, live forever" (Dan. 2:4).

Those who favored the monarchs with personal favors had their names placed in the public registers (Esther 6:1).

Mordecai for favors rendered was led in state on horseback through the streets of the city, with the royal diadem on his head (Esther 6:8-11).

When the sovereigns went abroad they were attended by a numerous company riding on mules and in chariots (I Kings 1:5; II Kings 9:21), accompanied by royal guards.

Sometimes footmen ran before them (II Sam. 15:1), and the prophet Elijah girded up his loins and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel (I Kings 18:46).

The approach of a king was announced by the sound of a trumpet (I Kings 1:34, 39), so the presence of God is described in the same manner (Heb. 12:19, compare with Exod. 19:13) and also the final advent of the Messiah (Matt. 24:31; I Cor. 15:52; I Thess. 4:15, 16).

The kings of Israel received no revenues through command of Moses, but voluntary offerings or presents were made (I Sam. 10:27, 16:20) and also the produce of the royal flocks (I Sam. 21:7; II Sam. 13:23; II Chron. 32:28, 29). Another source of revenue was from the lands, vineyards, olive and sycamore grounds (I Chron. 27:26-31; II Chron. 26:10).

There was also the tenth part of the produce of the farms as mentioned in I Kings 4:7 and I Chronicles 27:25. Very likely the Israelites paid a tax in money (I Kings 10:14), and the refusal to lessen those taxes may have been one cause of the revolt of the Ten tribes against Rehoboam (I Kings 12:14-18).

Plunder from the conquered nations was given to the royal treasury (II Sam. 8), and customs were paid to King Solomon by merchants who passed through the countries over which he had control (I Kings 10:15).

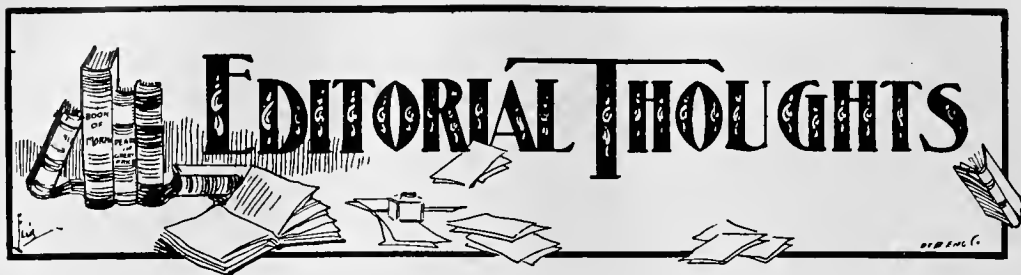
*Frank Van Cott.*



## SWEET AND FAIR.

The world is sweet, the world is fair,  
To earnest workers all;  
Its mornings dawn in beauty rare,  
Its evenings tranquil fall.  
Or high or low in its degree  
The task our souls must share;  
If but its noble aim we see,  
The world is sweet and fair.

The world is fresh, the world is new,  
To those who work therein;  
It seems but to the idle few  
All stale and old with sin.  
The blessed ones of labor's clan,  
Working with purpose true,  
They find the world, in God's good plan,  
Forever fresh and new. *Selected.*



SALT LAKE CITY, - - MAY 1, 1904.

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# SHALL WE DRAMATIZE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS?



THE practice of dramatizing historical incidents and literary characters has found considerable favor in our public schools. Thus an event in history is outlined by the teacher and the children take the parts of the literary personages in an endeavor to represent the movements, language and general conduct of those described. Acting the parts, it is said, has the effect

of translating abstract ideas into concrete form, or action, and of impressing by ac-

tion more completely and more lastingly the ideas contained in words. In other words, acts impress children more than words; and when action is added to words, the ideas are very greatly emphasized.

Some expert teachers in our public schools have attained success in the little stage plays of the children, and have undoubtedly made a lasting impression of the historical events they sought to represent. But actions are in a measure like words; they must be appropriate and discriminating. Words may be very misleading, they may confuse and distract. What is true of words in this respect is doubly true of acts intended to supplement or interpret words. Such acts are often confusing and most always inartistic. You may witness in the school room the most beautiful language tortured in efforts made by unskillful teachers to give them dramatic effect. Again, the school teacher who uses dramatic methods in child training generally selects such historic incidents or literary representations as are in keeping with the action and speech of child life. Children cannot well act the parts of matured persons. Action implies a complete comprehension, or should do so. Words may be understood in part and the comprehension of them be enlarged by experience and study so that words after all are the better medium for conveying to children the ideas of mature minds.

Theological studies are as a rule in advance of child life. They are not built upon the experience of children like the work of the public school. The acts therefore most valuable in imparting theologi-

cal ideas are the acts of the teacher who may by appropriate gestures and expressions give accentuated importance to the spoken word. Scripture subjects have never found a responsive reception when made the subject of the drama. There is a universal feeling of irreverence whenever divine personages are made the subject of dramatic display. We enjoy divine influences and teachings better when we are in a receptive mood.

The question of dramatizing lessons in the Sunday School has been brought to the attention of the general Deseret Sunday School Union Board in such a way as to call for its expression on the subject. The Board after considering the reasons that have led to the use of the drama in the public schools, is of the opinion that the same reasons do not apply to the teaching of theological subjects, and even if they did, the necessary artistic qualities of the teachers would be so very rare that the method would be an almost universal failure, so that what a very few might turn to good account the great majority would turn into confusion, possibly into burlesque. Such methods would lead also to the too frequent use, by the children, of the names of divine personages and we should thereby violate an injunction given us by our Heavenly Father, and also ignore the example shown us by the ancient Saints when they gave the Priesthood which is after the order of the Son of God the name Melchizedek.

Again, the successful use of the dramatic would require vastly more time than the Sunday School provides, and numerous details would have to be included to produce the proper effects, details that are no part of the divine lesson to be taught. As literary productions have to be largely rewritten when adapted to the drama, what must be said of theological subjects furnished by those from whose minds dramatic effects have been

wholly absent. Theological knowledge should not only be exact, but it should be free from details and suggestions that are no part of the scriptural lessons, and that are not warranted by the written word of God. While the Board approves of the progressive spirit of those who would improve the methods of the Sunday School work, it recommends that Sunday School lessons should not be dramatized, especially when the person of God or holy beings have to be introduced.

*Joseph F. Smith.*



#### PROPER PREFIXES TO PERSONAL NAMES.

THERE has been considerable difference in the practice of using certain prefixes to the names of the brethren who officiate in the ordinances of the Gospel and whose services are recorded in the minutes of meetings or of schools. Our language has much to do with the cultivation of a spirit of reverence, and the words most helpful are those of elder or brother. These are not mere chance words. Their use in the scriptures of the Church is of divine source and they will give to those who humbly use them a brotherly familiarity and a spirit of good will. In recording the minutes of a meeting or Sunday School, it is much more appropriate to say Elder John Jones than Elder Jones. The given name should never be omitted, as its omission may give rise to great confusion. Where there are meetings of both brothers and sisters, the word brother is very appropriate, as it harmonizes with the word sister, especially when both sexes take part in the services. The word mister should always be avoided. It partakes of a worldly character, and it is not infrequently an indication of the spirit possessed by those using it. The word is highly improper when any services in the Church are recorded and should never be

used when the Saints address one another in religious gatherings.

There has been a special effort to apply the prefix elder to the names of the apostles, and thus remove distinctions that might lead to undesirable classifications in the minds and feelings of the Saints. The spirit of brotherhood should be paramount in our relations, and that spirit may be promoted very greatly by the manner in which the Saints greet one another, and the use of words to express the relations of brother and sister. It is the special mission of the Sunday School to cultivate the use of the most appropriate words so that the children may grow up with the feelings of reverence that naturally attach to the words elder and brother. It is true, perhaps, that a certain class may be strongly influenced by their worldly associations, with which they are anxious to fraternize as much as possible, and in the spirit of the world. A man or woman, however, who would be ashamed to address those of his faith as brother and sister in the presence of unbelievers has more pride than faith and more pretense than sincerity. It is very desirable then that under all circumstances a special effort be made to inculcate the habits of expression that will in time become habits of thought and feeling. Some silly people have imagined a blunder has been made when some one in a mixed gathering addresses one not of his faith as brother or sister. The person so addressed, if sensible, certainly should not think he has been addressed in other than words of fraternal good will, and the person speaking pays, from his point of view, a compliment to an unbeliever when he addresses him as brother. The words elder and brother are endearing and their use should be encouraged everywhere where the Saints gather either in public or in private assemblies.

*Joseph F. Smith.*

#### TO WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS

IN response to the request of a number of superintendents, the General Board has authorized the printing of the program to be rendered at Sunday School ward conferences during the year 1904. These programs will contain the "Memory Gems" to be recited and the songs selected by the Union Board to be sung at said conferences, including the song "If There's Sunshine in Your Heart." Superintendents can obtain these programs from the Deseret Sunday School Union at 50 cents per hundred, the cost for printing and mailing.

#### SECOND VOLUME OF THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

WE took great pleasure when the first volume of the "History of the Church" appeared, in drawing the attention of our readers to its many points of excellence, and its value to workers in our Sunday Schools as a work of reference. We have renewed satisfaction in announcing that the second volume is now out of the press and on sale. If anything it exceeds its predecessor in value and interest. It covers a period in the history of the Latter-day Saints that is fraught with important events and narrates the growth of the Church through much tribulation in the days that tried men's souls in Kirtland and in Missouri.

Some of our teachers have expressed regret that so few lessons connected with modern Church history appear in the Outline lessons of the earlier years of the course. The possession of this History will aid such teachers in introducing lessons on the rise and development of the Church, in almost any department, on those Sundays in which no lesson is provided in the "Outlines."



## SELECTIONS.

### A MOTHER'S ANSWER.

Over the lofty Ben Lomond  
The charm of the sunset fell,  
And sweet in the purple twilight  
The chime of the old kirk bell:  
And lo! in the grassy kirkyard  
Was the white-haired Dominie,  
Men and women on either hand  
And the children at his knee.

And there, in the still, warm evening,  
Low sitting among the dead,  
The good man took the Sacred Book  
And the trial of Abraham read,  
Until in the solemn shadows,  
The sorrow grew wondrous near:  
Fathers looked at their own bright sons,  
And the mothers dropped a tear.

Thoughtful all sat for a little space,  
And then the Dominie said:  
"David, couldst thou have done this thing?"  
And the old man bowed his head,  
And standing up with lifted face,  
Answered, "I think I could,  
For I have found through eighty years  
That the Lord our God is good."

"Janet, you've been a mother oft,  
Could your faith have stood that test?"  
She raised her grandchild in her arms,  
And she held it to her breast—  
"God knows a mother's love," she said,  
While the tears dropped from her eyes,  
"And never from a woman's heart  
Would have asked such a sacrifice."

"O mother wise!" the preacher said,  
"O mother, wise and good!  
A deeper depth than man can know  
Thy heart hath understood.  
Take Janet's sermon with you, friends,  
And as the years go by,  
Believe our Father no poor soul  
Beyond its strength will try."



### OLD YEAR MEMORIES.

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,  
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;  
The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied  
us  
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,  
The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet:  
The pride with which some lofty one disdained  
us

Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,  
The yielding to temptation that beset,  
That he perchance, though grief be unavailing,  
Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving  
Kind words and helpful deeds a countless  
throng,  
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,  
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving  
When friends were few, the hand-clasp warm  
and strong,  
The fragrance of each life of holy living  
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and graci-  
ous,  
Whate'er of right has triumphed over wrong,  
What love of God or man has rendered precious,  
Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,  
We tenderly may bid the year "Good-bye,"  
Holding in memory the good it brought us,  
Letting the evil die.



### GOD NEVER FAILS.

The dearest things in this fair world must  
change;

Thy senses hurry on to sure decay;  
Thy strength will fail, the pain seem no more  
strange,

While love more feebly cheers the misty way.  
What then remains above the task of living?

Is there no crown where that rude cross hath  
pressed?

Yes, God remains, His own high glory giving  
To light thy lonely path, to make it blest.

Yes, God remains, though suns are daily dying,  
A gracious God, who marks the sparrow's fall;  
He listens while thy aching heart is sighing,  
He hears and answers when His children call:  
His love shall fill the void when death assails,  
The one, eternal God, who never fails.

# OUR LITTLE FOLKS

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## STAKES OF ZION AND THEIR PRESIDENTS.

### Sevier Stake.

**I**N the year 1874, the settlements of the Saints in the Sevier district were organized into a stake. Elder Joseph A. Young, eldest son of President Brigham Young, was the first appointed to preside over the Sevier stake. He was a man who possessed a great and good heart, and was highly gifted with rare intelligence and business qualities. So he made an excellent stake president, and was much beloved by the people over whom he presided.



ELDER JOSEPH A. YOUNG.

After his death, which took place on the fifth of August, 1875, Elder Franklin Spencer was made president of the Sevier stake, and held the office until 1887. Brother Spencer was then succeeded in the presidency of the stake by Elder Albert K. Thurber.

It will be interesting to the boys and girls to read that Brother Thurber, when a boy, learned the trade of a comb-maker, and was very successful as a tradesman in that line. He had started to California to dig gold there, when he called at Salt Lake City and learned from the Mormons about their religion. He received a testimony of the truth of the Gospel, and was baptized.

Elder Thurber learned the language of the Indians so that he could talk with them; and he did much good in the settlement of difficulties with the Indians in early times in Utah. He held the office of president of Sevier stake, after his appointment, until the time of his death, March 21, 1888.

Elder William Henry Seegmiller had been first counselor to President Thurber, and was made the fourth president of the Sevier stake after Brother Thurber's death.

### SKETCH OF WILLIAM H. SEEGMILLER.

Our home in Canada, where we children, including my Brother William, were born, was in a land of snow; and sleigh-

riding and coasting were our pastimes. There was a long hill just behind our house; William would help us girls up the hill with our sleds, and start us down again. Oh, what fun! I hear in fancy the sleigh-bells, and see the crowd of boys and girls with mittens and furs. We would travel for miles in the moonlight, wrapped to the eyes in buffalo skins.

Our parents were well-to-do, and our home was a very large, commodious rock house, sweet memories of which often return to us. And well do I remember



ELDER WILLIAM H. SEEGMILLER.

the mirth, song and frolic which resounded through those great rooms and the long, wide hall. When neighboring companions would gather in, we would dance in the large basement kitchen. Those were indeed happy days. We were eleven brothers and sisters, and a very cheerful crowd we were.

Brother William was naturally studiously inclined, and he could generally decide a question to the satisfaction of all. In fact, in my childhood experiences, I felt that he was the only one who could help me carry my burdens. And it took years of increasing cares and responsibil-

ities on both sides before I felt that each had his or her own cares, and we must carry our own burdens. Because of William's being so studious, father thought to place him in the way of a business career; but a few months' trial, showed he loved the life of a farmer better, so he was permitted to work on the farm of our brother-in-law for a year or two.

How we used to love to go and visit him in the spring, when the maple sugar was made. We would go in the woods and watch him gather the sap from the maple trees, and pour it into large iron kettles into which it would be boiled down. When it was boiled away to the consistency of honey, he would let us take some and make taffy, as we called it. Night and day those kettles were kept boiling, until the sap in the trees would not run any more. If we remained with him part of the night, oh, how frightened we were at the hooting owls, and other croaking birds with which the woods abounded! How often he would have to assure us we were safe—nothing would hurt us; still we were in constant dread if he left us to look after the sap or sugar; and often we would say, "We just won't come at night again!" but we did, for we loved to be with him.

Our father dying, brother William returned home.

About this time, many young men were going to California in quest of gold. William and his brother Adam decided to go also. But during the winter before they were to start, our brother Daniel came home from Utah to visit his relatives and friends, and to teach them the Gospel. For while living in New York, a few years before, Daniel became acquainted with some Mormon families, and with them emigrated to Utah. He was a very zealous Church member now, and made some impression religiously on his mother and the brothers who were going to Cal-

ifornia. So in the spring the boys accompanied him as far as Florence (now Omaha), where a few Mormon trains were ready to start for Utah. The teaching and preaching so delighted them while there, they were both baptized, and also crossed the plains with ox teams, for Zion.

A few years later, brother Adam returned home and convinced mother, a sister and a brother of the truth of the Gospel, and in the year 1865 they also crossed the plains in ox teams. They arrived in Salt Lake the same year. We were very sad when they left, for we thought they were surely lost; but often I would say, "If brother William ever comes back, I will believe him; for we could always trust his judgment." Well, it was only a few years till he returned. His sisters were then all married, but he soon, with the help of God, showed us the right way. And in the year 1872 we also migrated, but could ride on the cars. All the family were now in Utah with the exception of one sister, who died the next year, and the temple work was done for her, so that with much preaching, teaching and praying, all the family were gathered into the fold. God was merciful, for we were much prejudiced against the Mormons.

Brother W. H. Seegmiller has a large family, and the greatest desire of his heart is that they may become good men and women. He tries to live an honest, exemplary life himself, so they may follow in his footsteps. Family prayer is never neglected, and in later years the reading of a chapter from the Bible or Book of Mormon makes the gathering around the altar more soul-inspiring. Having children who are musically gifted, both vocally and instrumentally, it is indeed pleasant to be with them in their family devotions. First, a chapter or part of one is read, then a hymn with piano accompaniment

is sung, in which all the family join. Each member of the family, as soon as old enough takes his or her turn in leading in the family prayers. The spirit of these gatherings is enough to convert one to the beautiful and acceptable plan; and I would that all Saints would take time to have family devotions in this way.

Brother Seegmiller, in his devotion and love for his mother, was like President McKinley; there was no sacrifice too great for him to perform for his mother. And on hearing of her last sickness, he hurried to her bedside in St. George, leaving his business affairs, and remained several weeks by her, until she breathed her last, then attending to all the funeral arrangements. He also has great love for all his brothers and sisters, and for the dear people of the Sevier Stake of Zion, with whom he has been so long associated, and over whom he has presided for a goodly number of years.

*Louisanna Heppler.*



#### MISS BROWN'S CHICKADEES.

THE children were growing noisy and restless. Even when Miss Brown called up the nature study class, it failed to awaken the usual interest and anticipation. Thirty pairs of eyes still roved toward the open windows and thirty pairs of little ears were listening to the sounds of life and joy which came from outside.

"It is such a beautiful day," began Miss Brown cheerily, "that I am reminded of a pretty verse we learned last year. Let me repeat it, and see if you recall it."

The children found it hard to tear their gaze from the stretch of green which the open space of the window revealed; but force of habit and the persuasive tones of their teacher conquered. She began in her liveliest and sweetest accents, however, and ere long she had them all in

full sympathy with her, and listening eagerly to Lowell's description of a June day:

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days:  
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays:  
Whether we look or whether we listen,  
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;  
Every clod feels a stir of might,  
An instinct within it that reaches and towers  
And groping blindly about it for light,  
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

By this time all the hands were gesticulating wildly, and the more eager ones were standing on their tiptoes whispering loudly:

"I know. I know. Let me tell. Lowell wrote that."

"Yes, it is from Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*, which we studied last year," assented Miss Brown, then pausing a moment, the while her eye took in every dear little sunny face before her, she took up a bunch of wild flowers which lay on her desk.

"It must have been just such a day as this," she smiled, "and now I think we too will enjoy this beautiful day. Let us put our books away and prepare for a walk in the fields where we can visit with the grass and flowers."

Thirty faces beamed and glowed, while thirty pairs of busy hands quietly set the desks in order. In a very short time the well-disciplined group of children were marching softly into the open air, and tripping gaily towards the fields and meadows.

When they reached the broad stretch of green, how they frolicked and scampered about in their hilarious joy and freedom.

Miss Brown seated herself on a large rock and watched her merry brood, putting no check upon their noisy and destructive havoc amongst the long grass,

tramping down or tearing up by the roots every flower they could find. In an hour's time the pretty green field was a scene of such wild disorder that Miss Brown thought it high time to put a stop to it.

Soon she had her little flock quieted down at her feet, ready for the story which they knew was coming. The teacher gathered up some of the withered, crushed flowers which lay in such profusion all around, and laying them caressingly against her cheek, said sadly:

"Poor little things, an hour ago you were alive and blooming, now you will lift your fragrant heads no more. It has grieved me today, my boys and girls, to see the destruction you have wrought. I love flowers. To me they are warm, sunny things, and I hate to see them destroyed."

"I came to this field early in the spring, when the snow was yet upon the ground, in search of a brave little flower—the crocus. Sure enough I found them here and there pushing their sturdy heads up through the snow. Their little yellow faces looked up at me so sweetly that I knelt down and kissed them.

"As the kind sun smiled down on them more and more, the cold snow fast melted and sank into the ground, and up came the baby snow-drop and the modest violet to join their yellow cousins. As the spring advanced, and the sun shone still hotter, this encouraged other flowers to appear, until as you saw today this broad field was aglow with them.

"The dear little blossoms were not alone beautiful to look at, but they also had a use in this world as does everything which God has created. When we came today we saw bees and butterflies darting hither and thither, sipping honey from the flowers, while a flock of birds were hunting for the seeds which had fallen to the ground.

"Now look around, boys and girls. See

what you have done. Birds and insects, frightened by your noise, have fluttered far away to sing and hum in other meadows, unspoiled by your rough treatment; while all around you lie the poor dead flowers. The few which are left, seem to be drooping their heads in sorrow for the loss of their dead comrades."

The children gazed ruefully at one another—only naughty Tommy Tupper. He ground his vicious little heel into a clump of daisies, and that was all he cared.

"Miss Brown, do you think mine are dead?" asked orphan Annie, holding out the faded lady-fingers in her warm, tight clutch.

"Don't hold them so tightly, dear. Take them home and put them into some cool, fresh water, and perhaps they will look up again."

"I'm sorry," came from several little throats, and from others, "I didn't think flowers cared."

"Try to remember, dears," said Miss Brown as they sauntered homeward at the close of that afternoon, "that everything in nature has life, and is for some purpose."

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

"So said Wordsworth, one of our great poets. Now good night," as she turned in at her gate. "We will meet again in the morning."

*Katie Grover.*

#### A LITTLE MAIDEN.

I know a little maiden who can knit and who  
can sew,  
Who can tuck her little petticoat and tie a  
pretty bow;  
She can give the thirsty window-plants a cooling  
drink each day;  
And dust the pretty sitting room and drive the  
flies away.

Can fetch papa his dressing gown, and warm his  
slippers well,  
And lay the plates and knives and forks and  
ring the dinner bell;  
She can learn her lessons carefully, and say them  
with a smile,  
Then put away her books and slate and atlas in  
a pile.

She can feed the bright canary and put water  
in his cage,  
And soothe her little brother when he gets into  
a rage.  
She can dress and tend her dollies, like a mother,  
day or night,—  
Indeed, one-half the good she does I cannot now  
recite.

And yet there are some things, I'm told, this  
maiden cannot do:  
She cannot say an ugly word, or one that is not  
true,—  
Who can this little maiden be; I wonder if it's  
you!

*Selected.*

#### A QUEER CONFERENCE VISITOR.

LET me tell you of a queer visitor who came to our last annual conference. He was the most cheeky little fellow I have ever seen. Without waiting to be invited he came right into the priesthood meeting in the Tabernacle, Monday evening, and instead of going off into a corner and sitting down, he went right up to the stand and presented himself to the presiding authorities. They, however, took but little notice of him, and after staying for about fifteen minutes, during which time he had been in almost every part of the building, he took his departure.

Who do you think this visitor was? I do not think you could guess, so I will describe him to you, and then you will, no doubt, be able to tell his name. He was neither man nor woman, boy nor girl, bird nor insect. He was about the size of a mouse, and his body was covered with



soft, brown hair. He had two bright little eyes, which were buried in his fur coat, and a mouth full of sharp white teeth. He had a pair of ears almost like those of a mouse, and a pointed snout. He also possessed a pair of wings, but they were not covered with feathers like the wings of a bird; they were skinny and tough like leather. On each side he had a long arm, bent at the elbow, and a pair of very long hands. On each hand there were four long, slender fingers, and these he used as a frame to hold up the skin that formed the wings.

The little creature cannot fold his hands as we do, but he can fold up his wings just as we do a fan. He has a short thumb on each hand on which there is a sharp, hooked nail, which enables him to climb and creep. He has five toes on each foot, and these are also armed with sharp claws. He has a very funny little tail, which he uses as a rudder to steer him in his flight.

Now, where do you think this little creature lives? I am not certain myself, but if I am not mistaken, he lives on the top of the big organ in the Tabernacle, for I saw him go up there. But wherever his home may be, he stays there all day, sleeping with his head downward. He is the only animal that does this. He takes hold of some object with his hind claws, then, "hanging by his heels," he fastens his sharp thumb nails into something below, and in this way he sleeps all day long. He sleeps the same way during the long winter months, and when spring returns he wakes from his stupor and goes out at night to catch insects. His little wife usually has two babies, of which she is very fond. She hugs them closely to her breast with her strong-winged arms, and feeds them with milk till they are old enough to fly about and catch insects for themselves.

I am sure that all know by this time

who the queer conference visitor was. Yes, he was a little Bat, or "Flittermouse."\*

#### IN IMITATION.

"Not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Heavenly Father's notice."

##### FIRST.

A whirling flock of sparrows flew  
Before the wind, which fiercely blew;  
One fell, and to my door was driven,  
More dead than living, for some lad  
In thoughtless mood, with flipper had  
A broken leg to that bird given.  
Silent it lay upon the ground,  
A quivering flutter all I found.  
An angel said, "That poor bird take,  
And love it for the Master's sake."  
I took it in, I warmed and fed,  
I bound with tape its broken limb;  
It chirruped to my little Jim,  
Who smoothed its wings and stroked its head,  
And said, "Why pa, 'twill soon be well!  
And to its mates will surely tell,  
'Tis grateful for your loving care,  
Unlike some who God's blessings share."  
A few days more, 'neath brighter sun,  
Among its mates the gladdest one,  
For weeks it passed our open door,  
(We knew it by the tape it wore).  
'Twould peep right in, as flashing by,  
It soared in freedom through the sky.  
In bird chirp talk, we thought we knew  
It said, "I love this cct, and you."  
It ne'er forgot its gratitude,  
To friends who healed and gave it food.  
I learned *my lesson from a bird*;  
And if you choose, 'tis here transferred.

"Are ye therefore not of more value than many sparrows!"

##### SECOND.

'Twas windy, cold, the lightning flashed,  
And hail and sleet were wildly dashed.  
A hungry babe—and children three  
Were praying God to hear and see.  
They huddled in a little cot,  
Where scanty food and warmth they got.  
An angel said, "There dwells a man,  
With wife and children cold and wan.  
'Tis bedding, fire and food they want,  
For lack of toil both have been scant."  
From out my humble store I sent  
A share of all, with good intent;

\*See out of Vampire Bat, page 43.

Our little ones, across the street,  
 Each carrying out, with willing feet;  
 Wife soothed the sickly babe, which smiled,  
 As if by wondering thoughts beguiled;  
 For there it lay, by added fire,  
 And all a baby could desire;  
 Three children laughed, as open eyed,  
 They viewed the stores by Heaven supplied.  
 Fell mother's grateful tears like rain,  
 While father thanked the Lord again.  
 They all resolved that evening there,  
 That Father hears and answers prayer.  
 "We'll never pass that friendly door,  
 Without our blessing—Nay, still more!  
 That God may ever be their friend,  
 As they were ours—as we intend,  
 To do wherever we may see  
 A need for help and sympathy."  
 The angel whispered, that glad day,  
 " 'Twas surely His appointed way;  
 In doing good to beast and bird,  
 How many tender hearts are stirred,  
 On man and children to bestow  
 Those works of love the angels show.  
 And God approves the simple deed,  
 Which tells of interest—love indeed!  
 He made the sparrow; gave to you,  
 Your life and health and friends so true!  
 And now expects you to repay,  
 Your debt to Him who gives today!  
 The kindly word, the sunny smile,  
 The hand of love, and all the while  
 Is mindful e'en of little things,  
 Like sparrows' broken legs or wings!  
 As you remember that all good  
 Is from His hand, when understood.  
 And He intends that you shall rise,  
 To Him by loving sacrifice;  
 Thus showing God and Christ in you,  
 To help create the world anew!"

*H. W. Naisbitt.*

### THE LETTER-BOX.

#### A Mother's Letter.

CENTERVILLE, UTAH.

I have read with such pleasure and interest, the letter in our JUVENILE, by little Miss Ethel Decker, of Provo. I hope that I may be privileged, through the aid of our Letter-Box, to express the joy of my heart to our little sister, in reading of the trust and gratitude she bears for her

parents. Dear Ethel, I too, like you, have been a sufferer and have been truly blest of our Heavenly Father. And my great desire is to live such a life as will prove my love and gratitude to our ever gracious Lord. I am twenty-five years old, and am mother to nine children. I became mother to seven of them seven years ago. The youngest was just four months old the day I became her mother. I too, like other mothers, cannot avoid one or another of the children being sick at times. And like your dear mother, Ethel, will I seek the Lord for His help and guidance. And I know He hears me and answers my prayers, and all goes well. I think that all true Latter-day Saints are more or less acquainted with the Lord and His power and goodness, and look to Him as the only real comforter. I feel truly sorry for all parents who do not know how to go to Him in their trials and sorrows. I hope I can truly teach my children to know of the power and mercies of the Lord, and to ever serve Him humbly. Then I know they will be all right.

*E. M. M.*

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

I will send a little poem I like. It teaches a good lesson. I am thirteen.

*ALICE M. WILLIS.*

"We should waste no moments in weak regret  
 If the day were but one;  
 If what we remember, and what we forget  
 Went out with the sun;  
 We should be from our clamorous selves set free  
 To work or to pray,  
 Or to be what our Father would have us be  
 If we had but a day."

#### Easter Rabbits and Eggs.

CENTERVILLE, DAVIS CO., UTAH.

I would just love to tell a story of a little prince and some beautiful rabbits,

and some pretty eggs which were colored red, yellow, blue and white. And how the Easter was made by them, as some children think. But we know the Easter Sunday is remembered because it was the day on which the Savior arose from the tomb where He had been placed, after He was crucified. I am glad we children are taught about this.

LITTLE EMMANUEL, five years old.  
(With mother's help).



#### Likes the Letter-Box.

HUNTER WARD, SALT LAKE CO.

I have not seen any letters from our ward so I thought I would write one. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I am in the first intermediate. I go to Professor Stephen's singing class and enjoy it very much. My sister takes the JUVENILE and I like to read the stories in it, especially the Letter-box. I am ten years old.

Your new friend,  
MINERVA DAY.



#### Thankful for Good Parents.

MANCOS, COLO.

I have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but have not had time. We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and I like to read the little letters. I go to Sunday School, Primary and day school. I have three teachers in Sunday School. I am glad that I have good parents to teach me the Gospel. I am eleven years old.

Your new friend,  
SARAH TAYLOR.



#### The Letter-Box.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

This is the first time I have written to the Letter-box. Papa is on his second mission to the Hawaiian Islands. He went last December. When he was over there

first with mama, I was born. When we got home I was seventeen months old. I was baptized on my eighth birthday. I am eleven years of age now. I do love to read the little letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. We have been taking the JUVENILE for many years. Your little sister in the Gospel.

LILIU DAVIS.



#### Healed by Faith.

BEAR RIVER.

Just the week after Christmas, when the roads were very slippery, my papa was riding a horse and trying to head some other horses. The horse he was riding fell down with him, breaking his leg very badly. It was broken just above the ankle, and one bone was broken in two places. We called in the doctor. He had no hopes of saving papa's foot. But through the administration of the Elders of the Church, and the faith and prayers of our family and friends, he was healed by the power of the Lord. And in about two months he was able to be around without the assistance of a cane or crutch. I am ten years old.

Your little friend,  
ALMINA E. WIGHT.



#### To an Invalid Aunt in the Hospital.

HUNTINGTON, UTAH.

DEAR AUNT HATTIE:—We would like to see you. We hope you will soon be well and can come home. We pray for you every night and morning, and all us children pray for you in our little prayers. Uncle Archie and Jodie have been here, and Jodie and Ralph and I had a good time. Alton was two years old the other day, and can't talk yet. Little Flora and Olive send their love to you and say, "Tell Aunt Hattie we are awful sorry

that she is so sick, and hope the Father in Heaven will make her well soon."

Your loving little nephew.

BYRON W. YOUNG.

(The Father in Heaven heard the little prayers. But He wanted dear Aunt Hattie, and had work for her to do. So He took her home to Himself.)

L. L. G. R.

#### A Young Subscriber.

RAYMOND, IDAHO.

April 5th, 1904.

DEAR FRIENDS:—It has been nearly two years since I left my home in Bradford, England, and came to the United States. I came with Elder Fred C. Evans, who was returning from a mission, and have lived with him ever since on his ranch in Idaho. I have parents, four sisters, and two brothers in England, and a sister married in Salt Lake City. My brother, eleven years old, is coming out in the spring. I subscribed for the JUVENILE with money which I earned, and after I have read it I send it to my folks in England. I go to school, Sunday School and Religion Class. I am thirteen years old.

Your friend,

FRED HOPKINSON.

#### Pleasant Winters and a Good Dog.

COLONIA MORELOS, SONORA, MEXICO.

We live in Mexico, and we do not have snow here. The flowers bloom all winter, and the birds sing almost all winter. There are lots of trees here. My papa is superintendent of our Sunday School. One time we had a little dog named Rover. He was a good dog and we thought lots of him. But he got sick and we could not cure him. So papa said he would have to be killed. We all felt very bad to think of having him killed. But one night while papa and mama were at

a dance, Rover went away and we never saw or heard anything more of him. And we were glad that we did not have to have him killed. I am nine years old.

IRENE LILLY WHITE.

#### School Closed.

LEANINGTON, UTAH.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:—We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and like to read the letters and stories. Our school has stopped, but we had a very good teacher as long as it lasted. We all felt very bad to have it close. It stopped the First of April. Our teacher was Brother Hyrum Stevenson. I like to go to Sunday School, meeting and Primary. I have six brothers and no sisters.

BARTA NIELSON, age 13 years.

#### HIS MOTHER'S BOY.

When school was out at Christmas time,  
We all went home in Maine  
To grandpa Parker's. My, 'twas fine!  
He met us at the train.  
The big bay horses champed and pranced  
(They're kind, though, as can be),  
And Röver waged his tail and danced,  
He is so fond of me.

When grandpa tucked me in the sled,  
He chuckled my chin, and then,  
"He's Kittie's little self," he said,  
"Come back to us again."  
While something shone in grandma's eye.  
She gave my head a pat;  
"He's daughter's son," was her reply,  
"You may be sure of that."

The hired man looked sharp at me  
When he brought in the coal.  
"You are Miss Katherine's child," said he,  
"I'd know you at the pole."  
And a nice lady on the street  
Said, "Come here. I am glad  
To see you, for I want to meet  
Kate Parker's little lad."

And once a man came like a gale,  
 And shouted, "Telegram!  
 For Mrs. Edward Sidney Yale.  
 Are you her little man?"  
 Then mother quickly wrote a note  
 And put it in the mail.  
 She signed it—I watched while she wrote—  
 "Katherine Parker Yale."

And so it puzzled me to tell  
 If I were I, or not,  
 And as to whose I was—ah, well,  
 I did not care a jot.  
 Till all at once I cried out, "Why,  
 I know what I will do!  
 I'll go ask mother, 'Am I I,  
 And all those others you?'"

Then mother laughed as mothers do  
 (But mostly with her eyes),  
 And answered, I knew 'twas true,  
 Though 'twas a great surprise:  
 "Yes, dear, those are the many ways  
 The different friends employ.  
 It means the same, whate'er the phrase,  
 Just—you're your mother's boy.

*Selected.*

### WONDERS.

Suppose the earth should turn over, dears,  
 Some night when we were all asleep;  
 Why! wouldn't the water all be spilled  
 From the ocean so dark and deep?  
 And suppose the stars rolled about in the sky,  
 As your marbles roll on the floor;  
 Suppose we could see for millions of miles,  
 When we look out of window or-door;

Suppose we could travel thousands of miles,  
 And never feel it, or know?  
 Oh, it makes me quite dizzy to think, dears,  
 If the world should a-spinning go!  
 What is it you say, my wise little man?  
 That in kindergarten you learn  
 That the stars do roll about in the sky,  
 And the earth does actually turn?

And you, my little nut-brown maid,  
 With your satchel of books and slate,  
 You tell me the earth is flying away  
 At a most inconceivable rate;  
 That we're always traveling, traveling on,  
 Some thousands of miles a day,  
 Though we never feel it, and may not know,  
 We're so busy with work and play.

We've many wonderful lessons to learn,  
 Grown children as well as small,  
 For you know there were hundreds of years,  
 my pets,  
 When no one supposed at all  
 That the earth and stars ever moved an inch,  
 Then they wouldn't believe 'twas true;  
 But don't you think, dears, that all the time  
 There was Somebody, somewhere, who knew?  
*Selected.*

### OUR BABY.

The dearest, sweetest baby that ever lived is  
 ours:  
 Her laugh is like the zephyr that plays amid the  
 flowers;  
 Her face is like a cherub's from heaven peeping  
 through,  
 Her eyes are two radiant specks of etherial blue.  
 We would not give our baby for this world, big  
 and round,  
 Or all the gold and all the gems that in it can be  
 found.  
 She's just a little angel dropped down from  
 heaven above,  
 A personification of God's eternal love.  
*Selected.*

### IN THE NIGHT.

Do you ever waken sometimes in the night,  
 When the room's all dark, except the queer, dim  
 light  
 From the window; and you're turned about in  
 bed,  
 And you can't tell where the foot is, nor the  
 head?  
 And you sit up, scared, and look round every-  
 where,—  
 But the door to mother's room just isn't there.  
 Oh, it's very bad, I know, because, you see,  
 It happens often just that way to me.

But then if I lie down again and wait,  
 Why, by and by just everything comes straight.  
 The bed stands in its old same place again,  
 The window's where I thought it was—and  
 then,  
 Right over here, this side, is mother's door.  
 And then I don't feel frightened any more.  
*Selected.*

# ON THE SHORES OF THE GREAT INLAND SEA.

Words by J. L. Townshend.

Music by Edwin F. Parry.

Voice part for 1st verse.

Moderato.

1. I stood on the shore of that great Inland Sea, As the  
Voice part for 2nd verse.

2. And wish - ing each spir - it on leav - ing the earth, Might

Moderato. *p*

sun went down o'er its breast, And o - ver it rolled - -

mer - it a pathway so bright, Where an - gels may throng - -

*f*

*pp* *t* *pp* *t*

An ef - ful - gence of gold, From out of the gates of the

To conduct it a - long, To a home in God's city of

*pp* *f* *pp* *f*



Allegro.

west. Each ripple re-flected the  
light. I watched till the scene faded

Al'egro.

bright gold-en sheen, With a radiance that daz-zled the eye, While a  
out from my view, To twi-light so som-bre and gray; But the

rit.

long beam so bright, Cast a hea-ven-ly light, From a par-a-dise  
charm o'er me cast, Will in mem-o-ry last, Be-stow-ing its

rit.



## SELECTIONS.

### OLD ADVICE WHICH IS STILL GOOD.

MAKE a full estimate of all you owe and of all that is owing to you. Reduce the same to note. As fast as you collect, pay over to those you owe; if you cannot collect, renew your notes every year and get the best security you can. Go to business diligently, and be industrious—lose no time—waste no idle moments—be very prudent and economical in all things—discard all pride but the pride of acting justly and well—be faithful in your duty to God, by regular and hearty prayer—morning and night—attend church and meeting regularly every Sunday, and “do unto all men as you would they should do unto you.” If you are too needy in your own circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else you have in your power to do for them cheerfully—but if you can, always help the worthy poor and the unfortunate. Pursue this course of life diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable and independent in your circumstances.

come to me and I will pay all your debts.—*Franklin, July, 1819.*



### THE WAYS OF GIRLS IN JAPAN.

THE girls of Japan have a hard row to hoe, as the saying is. In a little book called “The Japanese Bride,” written by a Japanese man, Naomi Tamura, and published by the Harpers, there are revelations which would make an American girl consider herself fortunate. A Japanese woman must be subservient to men all her life, in youth to her father, in marriage to her husband, in old age to her eldest son. She almost never marries for love. The wedding is arranged, and in many cases she sees her future husband only once before marriage. The association of young men and women in society is unknown in Japan, even during courtship, and ladies and gentlemen there never dance together. Mr. Tamura gives an interesting account of his native social conditions.



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